To Craig Washington
Enjoy
Love and Courage
Duncan Teague

"That Wilson Boy"
by Duncan E. Teague,
October 2000.

Hope they stay gone to the store - all day
Faces so warm, flushed
Did not know lips felt like this
Didn't know they turned on all my feelings
like the lamp in the dark
Breathing with each other this close
Hot breaths pushing out our open pouting mouths
Oh God, it feels so good

His tongue like joy jumping inside my mouth
Smooth sharp teeth like hard candy
Touch after touch teaching me
My hands mindlessly following along
My mind can't keep up
So natural to kiss and kiss
and kiss some more
Oh God, I don't want to forget a single tingling moment

Not one blessed touch
Not one blessed pull, taste, tug
The smells
When I am old I want this to come back to me
All of it, everything

His long big toe making circles in my nervous foot's arch
Shifting weight of his round hard chest, shoulders,
firm powerful hips
His stomach heaving, his pelvis
Pushing my fear through Grand Mamma's rug
Through the hardwood waxed floor
Wrestling but not wrestling to win

Sound of the hook
Hook unhooked
Creeking old spring stretching
SLAM!
The screen door!
Front porch?
He tenses
Sweat freezes on his slick smooth back
We stop inhaling to listen

Hoped it was the neighbors door
Not a chance

Footsteps across the kitchen tile
My father's big feet first
Putting paper grocery bags full on the formica counter
Time running out the room
Falling out the window
Time left
He pulls his t-shirt from the pile back over his head
So quickly covering the firm mounds of chest with dingy cotton
SLAM
Mother's feet more swiftly through the screen door
The cabinet next to the stove opens
Pull my underpants up
We gigle too loud

The voice of God
"What ya'll doing up there?"
Mamma, then to Daddy
Slightly annoyed but all knowing and maybe all seeing
"...that Wilson Boy is up there"

It is the Wilson Boy pulling up his jeans and pulling at mine
More laughing
Thought of this lie before his sly hands slid down my drawers
Made the story up before the Wilson Boy grabbed my butt
Fingered me "Back There"
Had a story ready for why my nipples have life now.
The Wilson's Boy gave my nipples life
Upstairs here on the hardwood floor this hot Saturday
On Grandmamma's rug

Saw him grow hard in my hand in my room
In my touch
Upstairs here, right here
Touched him this last day of August by the dresser
He touched me real slowly back

Got my almost lie out
"Wrestling"
too loud almost
Just in a time that was left

Mamma's steps swiftly up the stairs
He's dressed
Running past her out of my reach
"Told you about wrestling in this house!"

He is heading to freedom with
"Hi Maam. It was my idea"

"Bye Maam" on the way out

It was his idea to separate my trembling knees
Push his biking all summer thigh between mine
Separate the present from the past
Hold me down
All of his might
Stop our wrestling and start
Start kissing my neck
Saw that boy from cross town conquering his sister's night
His sister melted
I melted
Melting works
Her knees came apart
My knees came apart

Mamma passed to load up the upstairs bathroom
New soap, new toilet paper, new basin, tub, and tile cleanser
like on T.V.
SLAM out the door
"You better get that room in order"
to me cause I'm not free

Whirling pictures spinnning in my head like the new blue stuff in the toilet
Following him down the street past the AME Church on Agnes St.
Nipples hurt still red, a little bit
Fingers smell like him, a whole lot
Grand Mamma's rug annoited
and I can never
ever
get this room back
in order again